THE

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EMBARRASS'D KNIGHT.

A

SATIRE.

Occaſion'd by ſeeing an ODE inſcrib'd to

L—d *CH*———*D.*

Formidine fuſtis
Ad bene dicendi redactus.

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On ſeeing an ODE inſcrib'd to

L---d *CH*--------*D.*

I.

WHO's this? what! *Ha*----*y* the LYRICK?
Changing his Note to PANEGYRICK,
In fearful Dread of Fighting?
But 'tis in vain; for *Hu*----*y* ſwears,
If *Cynthius* won't, he'll lug your Ears,*
And make you leave off writing.

* Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit.

II.

Think you, becauſe you ba--ly fled
To *Sax---y* to hide your Head,
On Odes you ſtill may venture?
Or wipe off Scandal left at Home,
By meanly dawbing him, in whom
All Commendations centre?

III.

No; *St-----pe* chuſes thy Abuſe,
Deteſting ſuch a filthy Muſe,
Whoſe very Praiſe is Satire;
For well he knows the worthleſs K----t is
Juſt ſuch another as *Therſites*,
For Bulk, Abuſe, and Stature.

IV.

If charg'd with Courage Man ſhould be,
(Like Powder in Artillery
Proportion'd to the Barrel)
Can'ſt thou, a *Blunderbuſs* ſo large,
With ſcarce a *Pocket-Piſtol*'s Charge,
Preſume to bounce, or quarrel.

V.

Then quit theſe dangerous, trifling Lays,
With low Abuſe, or empty Praiſe,
'Tis Nonſenſe all, and Folly;
Or if you will be writing Odes,
Which ev'ry Mortal here explodes,
Write Birth-day Odes for *Colley*.

VI.

There may you ſtretch Poetick Wing,
Sing Peace, or War, GOD BLESS THE K---G,
And all his Meaſures praiſe;
Then, ſhould old *Cy---er* chance to dye,
And *Hu----y* lets you come, and try,
Perhaps you'll get the Bays.

F I N I S.